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Art, Literature & the Drama.

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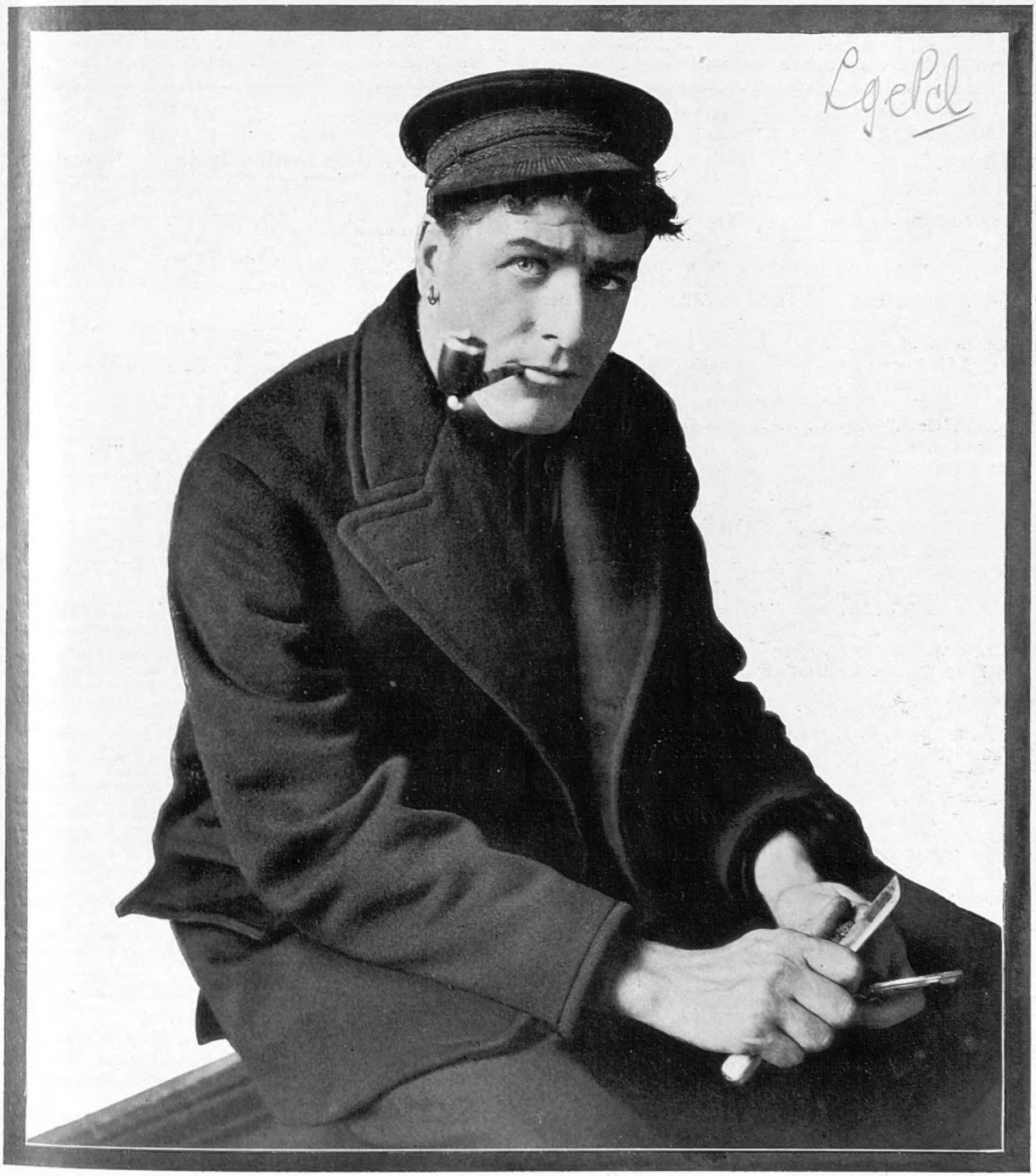

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"PETE": MR. MATHESON LANG AS THE LATEST HALL CAINE HERO

The Hall Caine play adapted by the novelist and Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker from the former's novel, "The Manxman," produced at the Lyceum on Saturday, affords Mr. Matheson Lang, in the title-rôle, the best of opportunities for his talents

No. 248.—Vol. XIX.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

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"The Heart of a Peasant." By the Hon. G. O'Brien. (Sisley's.)
"Weapons." By B. E. Sargeant. (Reeves.)
"Mr. Apollo." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Methuen: 6*s*.)
"Spanish Gold." By G. A. Bormingham. (Methuen: 6*s*.)
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"The Methods of Mr. Ames." (Werner Laurie: 6*s*.)
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"Spalding District Ordnance Survey." (Fisher Unwin: 2*s*. net.)
The Badminton Magazine; September, 1908; No. 158. Edited by A. E. T. Watson. (1*s*. net.)
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To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Waiting for a Stroll with the King: Mr. H. Chaplin on the Promenade at Marienbad

Final Activities at Marienbad

(*From our Correspondent*)

The curiosity which centres round the King at Marienbad has in no way diminished. The crowd near him in the morning is not quite so dense, and although many of those who have had a peep at England's King have gone, others equally curious have taken their places. The after-luncheon interview between his Majesty, M. Clemenceau, and M. Isvolsky was actually witnessed, as it took place on the balcony of the hotel. What the exact point was about which M. Clemenceau got so very excited was not audible. It is, however, a new thing that international negotiations affecting—who knows?—the destiny of Europe should be conducted with such delightful informality. On the day following the interview the King motored to Karlsbad to "return the call" of the two Ministers. Curiously enough, M. Clemenceau was too "indisposed" to be present this time, and there was, of course, the usual talk as to whether the illness was diplomatic. An American lady, noticing the other day how various ladies curtsied when they spoke to King Edward, explained to her friend that those of very high birth scarcely curtsied at all, whilst those of lower rank sank almost to the earth! And she was not altogether incorrect.

* * *

King Edward's Walks

King Edward looks in the best of health, and is in splendid spirits. His buttonhole, a fine red carnation to match his red tie, has already been imitated by his admirers. As he steps in and out of his automobile one notices how much more energy he seems to have gained since his arrival here. He walks a great deal, sending his automobile in advance to a certain place, in case he should be tired, and every day he sends it a little further away. The active part he took in the Austrian celebrations greatly pleased the people here, and a large crowd waited for over an hour in the pouring rain to see him drive from his hotel to the church.

The King, with General Clark and Sir Edward Goschen, Taking a Sharp Morning Walk

The King's walks at Marienbad have grown longer every day, and on many of them our new Ambassador to Berlin has accompanied him

The Waning Season

It is hard to realise, as one sees the crowded streets and the long stream of visitors at the Kreuzbrunnen and on the promenade, that in little more than a fortnight beautiful little Marienbad will be a comparatively deserted town. To-morrow (Thursday) the King is due to leave. The numbers of people who, against their doctors' orders, eat cakes and ices at Rupert's will have gone; there will be no more dinners at the Hotel Ott, no more luncheons at the Imperial, or breakfasts at the Rübezahl, and all those fine whims and fancies of Mme. la Mode, which can vie with those of Paris in charm and hold their own, will have been taken back for the winter to Vienna. With the bright sun shining, as it did last week, winter seemed far away. The sun is an excuse for all kinds of pretty toilettes, and the fashionable at the Golf Club are in anything but golfing attire when taking tea out of doors.

* *

Ightham Knoll

Ever and anon, as needs must be, "Tragedy in sceptred pall comes sweeping by" in the

* * *

Sartor Resartus

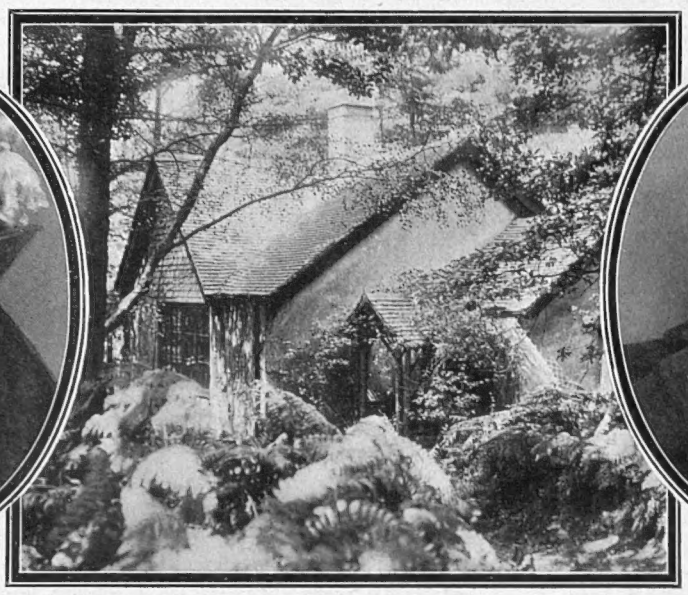
Although many visitors to Marienbad have ceased to wear the eccentric costumes they formerly wore, it seems a pity that they do not seize this opportunity of taking a holiday so far as dress is concerned. American women are the greatest offenders in this respect. To the Golf Club most go dressed in Ascot gowns, but one of the most admired women here is Miss Maxine Elliot, clad in a simple white costume with a white panama hat. English visitors taking or not taking the cure add a rather charming finish to their light costumes in the shape of a darker shawl, which is used as a wrap

Miss Drexel Taking a Stroll

Her father, Mr. Anthony Drexel, competed for the King's Golf Prize, won by Mr. Justice Lawrance

An Inscrutable Mystery

The Victim: The Late Mrs. Luard



The Casa in the Woods wherein the Crime Took Place. It is now to be Razed to the Ground by Order of the Owner of the Estate

Major-General C. E. Luard, Husband of the Victim

pageant of the world, and the bystander must bow his head in pity and in awe. We little thought last week, when we included Ightham Mote in our series of Historic Homes, that, before our next issue, the world would be ringing with the name of Ightham.

* * *

Chattering Impertinence

Deeply mysterious as the crime is, however, I sincerely hope that, every clue having been apparently exhausted by the police, the matter will now be allowed to rest by the newspapers. For constant detailing of the movements of the police can only aid the murderer, whoever he may be, in concealing himself. In a case like the present, where everything has been done on the spot that it is possible to do—including the use of bloodhounds!—the best possible course to be taken is one of inactivity. The crime is obviously one committed from motive, and is not the work of a mere *apache*, and this being the case, the criminal, as an amateur, is likely sooner or later to blunder into detection, if only by the means of confession and suicide.

"PETE" AT THE LYCEUM

Wild enthusiasm greeted the "autumn production," as Messrs. Smith and Carpenter call the *Pete* of Messrs. Hall Caine and Louis N. Parker. "Autumn production" is good, for one is in doubt just what to call this present dramatisation of "The Manxman." There is evidently an effort towards comedy which reminds one a little of the early work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, but the characters are of the out-and-out fine old Surrey-side melodrama world. Mr. Matheson Lang is the *ne plus ultra* of heroic good-nature and stupidity; Mr. Frederick S. Ross, as the heroine's father, Cæsar Cregeen, is the cut-and-dried narrow religious bigot of a thousand plays; Miss Hutin Britton, as Kate Cregeen, is the tear-stained wife who has made a false step before marriage, and cries and sobs her way to happiness at the end of the play—after the stereotyped fashion dear to galleries ever since Mr. Sims thrilled a past generation at the now *passé* Princess's. But, still, *Pete* is not melodrama. There are evident efforts to make it a psychological romance and a sociological dissertation. But somehow the wonderful Lyceum audience which Messrs. Smith and Carpenter have created did not mind this. Enthusiasm has spoilt so many causes that every now and then, when it burst over the theatre in the wrong place and some other party tried to silence the chorus of applause, it seemed that *Pete* might be wrecked in the moment of victory. But in the end all was well with the play. As I walked Eastward towards the Temple after midnight with a vast crowd that had been at the Lyceum I heard its praises in many cockney tones.

Of the acting it should at once be said that the whole company put forth their utmost powers, but the tedious action and dull verbosity of the first two acts did not give them much chance. Of course, Mr. Lang, who carries the whole play on his shoulders, entered upon his task with devotion and *élan* and was rewarded at every noble sentiment and good-natured phrase with rounds of warm applause. Next to Mr. Lang—a tower of strength and the mainstay of the Lyceum's popularity—Miss Rita Tomkins, as Nancy, a sort of friend and servant of Mrs. Pete, was most excellent. This lady brought freshness and sincerity to the portrayal, and did the play the greatest service. As the postman Kelly, Mr. Ayliff gave rather a clever character-sketch; the rest were not highly interesting.

I don't know whether the artistic point of view matters in this connection, but if it does then *Pete* is an abject failure. All the efforts and advances of serious dramatists during the last twenty years are utterly set at naught. From Ibsen even unto Mr. Shaw all might have been barren so far as Messrs. Caine and Parker are concerned. And yet something in the high endeavour of the more important European playwrights of our time has affected the authors of the latest Lyceum success, and robbed what might have been a commonplace, dashing melodrama of its virility. In place of blood and action we get long, fustian diatribes and illogical balderdash about social conditions. For example, the heroine's adieu to her baby, of whom the most easily pleased audience began to tire, was one of the dullest scenes of the play, but it was run very close by others in which master baby played a prominent part. Even after twelve o'clock, when the curtain had at last come down, the baby was not neglected, and Mr. Lang made use of him in the few humorous and cheery words which the insatiate audience demanded. The victory of the Lyceum is the success of Mr. Lang and his personal appeal to the audience.

EGAN MEW.

The First Autumn First Night

A hurried Impression by Norman Morrow of the new Hall Caine play at the Lyceum produced on Saturday

Two Friends of Royalty

The Duchesse d'Aosta

The Queen is in much distress at the sad accounts which have reached her of her favourite, Helène d'Aosta, the daughter of the Comtesse de Paris, and whose life is despaired of. Princesse Hèlene, when she came to Wood Norton last autumn for her sister's wedding, was, apparently, in good health, and had recovered—so her friends hoped—from the after-effects of the serious attack of pneumonia she had contracted some two or three years previously. The Princesse was the first love of the late Duke of Clarence, but in due time she married the Duc d'Aosta, first cousin of the King of Italy, by whom she has had two sons. A tender attachment has always existed between the Queen and the high-spirited and beautiful Princesse, who, had the fates willed it so, would have been her daughter-in-law. Princesse Helène was the only woman outside her own immediate family whom the Queen received at Buckingham Palace during the dangerous illness of the King at the time his Coronation was to have taken place. Nearly six feet in height, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and with the prettiest Anglo-French accent in the world, the Princesse in her time has set many a heart pit-a-pat besides that of Prince Albert. And now she is struck down by the same illness which lost him his life.

* * *

Photo *Downey*

A Favourite of Queen Alexandra

The Duchesse d'Aosta, whose serious illness is causing the Queen much distress

Mrs. Hall Walker

Mrs. Hall Walker has provided King Edward at Marienbad with what he has himself termed one of his "most enjoyable afternoons." The *assaut d'armes* organised by her at the Kursaal was a great success. Mrs. Hall Walker is no novice at entertaining. Herself very pretty, she delights to gather around her quite a battalion of beauties, and her parties are invariably much sought after. She is the wife of Colonel Hall Walker, a keen sportsman, who loves yachting, keeps polo ponies, is a great deerstalker, and a member of the Coaching Club. Above all, he does a great deal of racing, and last week was prominent at York.

Photo *Lafayette*

A Charming Hostess at Marienbad

Mrs. Hall Walker, Col. Hall Walker's popular wife, who, at Marienbad, organised on *assaut d'armes*, much enjoyed by the King

"The First"

Prospects for the partridge season look fairly bright, though, of course, it is absurd to generalise from observation in a few districts about the country as a whole. Partridge shooting being the diversion of the small man, comparatively and pecuniarily speaking, there were plenty of guns out on Tuesday. But with grouse-driving hardly begun on the moors, the greater sporting properties are naturally being reserved till a later date. Driving is so much in vogue now with the sportsman of the prevailing poulterer type that the earlier days of the season hardly count. Perhaps the best fun to be had on the "First" nowadays is at a farmer's shoot, where they begin with breakfast and end with supper and cards. As the day goes on the powder, certainly, becomes less straight, and the conversation more free. But the good humour of it! I have seen a sportsman fire through a hedge and blow his neighbour's cap off, and no offence meant, nor any taken. It's all right if you walk on the right of the line, and are fairly agile in taking cover.

* * *

Horse Show Week at Dublin

One cannot remember the time when the Dublin Horse Show failed to attract a big sport-loving crowd to the "dear, dirthy city," or provide a stupendous display of hunting stock. But, naturally, there have been years in which the show has been more brilliant than others, and a record could certainly not be claimed for the week which has just closed. Rainy weather had a great deal to do with its comparative tameness, for what enthusiasm can the visitor muster when dark, heavy clouds are hanging ominously overhead and the wet is striving pertinaciously to creep through coats and waterproofs? But the weather was not wholly to blame. There seems just now to be a total lack of life and social brilliance in high Dublin circles compared with that which we knew in the days of Lord Dudley and preceding Viceroys. Can it be that the shadow of the missing jewels still overhangs the city as a sort of thundercloud which may break on the smallest

Lady Massereene—A New Portrait

Photo *Lafayette*

VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD, NOW STAYING WITH HER HUSBAND AT MARIENBAD

One of the most charming of our Irish Peeresses, Lady Massereene is the daughter of Mr. John Stirling Ainsworth, the Liberal Member for Argyllshire, and married Viscount Massereene, then the Hon. Algernon Skeffington, in 1905, her husband unexpectedly succeeding to the title four months afterwards, owing to the death of both his elder brother and his father. Viscount Massereene is a grandson of Major Whyte-Melville, the well-known novelist, and owns two beautiful seats in Ireland

Personalities at the Dublin Show

provocation? Or is it because there is a certain lack of sympathy between Viceregal Lodge and the people brought closest in touch with it?

* * *

A Non-Sporting Viceroy

Estimable man though the Earl of Aberdeen may be, it would be quite incorrect to imagine that he has won any huge popularity in his present office. Sportsmanship combined with statesmanship is essential to viceregal success, and it may be laid down as an axiom for the future that Ireland's highest official must be as good a judge of horses as he is of men. Regarding the quality of the horses exhibited at the immense show, we can safely say that it was fully up to the average. Breeders and dealers were busy all the week selling their exhibits, and some good prices were realised. If you want to hear stories of horses and their value, you must go to Dublin!

* * *

His Excellency

Among the many political and social works—some might be inclined to call them fads—which occupy the Aberdeens, one may imagine that the task of being the central figures at a great Society function like the Dublin Horse Show may count among the duties one performs rather to "acquire merit" than with a view to enjoying oneself. Lord Aberdeen, however, bore his part manfully last week. His Excellency is among the most amiable of men, who has three times held high office of a ceremonial kind. His present reign in Ireland has been disturbed by uncomfortable circumstances over which he has had, of course, no control. At any rate, he is an aristocratic-looking and beaming figure-head. Perhaps his best title to lasting fame is that, in the popular belief, he is the original of Lord Loam in Mr. Barrie's play, *The Admirable Crichton*.

Lord and Lady Powerscourt

Lord Ardilaun, President of the Show

* * *

At York

No race meeting in Yorkshire is otherwise than "popular," and if the York meeting is quieter than the great carnival at Doncaster which follows it, that does not at all mean that Yorkshire people do not turn out in force to do honour to the Ebor Handicap and the Gimcrack Stakes. It was at the Gimcrack Club dinner some years ago that Lord Durham made the speech criticising certain proceedings on the Turf which called forth a Jockey Club inquiry. In the upshot, it proved that Lord Durham's grasp of fact was hardly commensurate with his zeal in the cause of purity. Mrs. Lycett Green, the subject of our snapshot, has been among the hostesses who have entertained for the races. She is a daughter of Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft. Lord Fitzwilliam, whose portrait is also published (with Mrs. Vyner), shares with the Bishop of Bath and Wells the distinction of being one of the few people who have read their own obituary notices, it having been circumstantially reported that, while he was Lord Milton, he had been killed by being thrown from his horse against the parapet of a railway bridge. Since his succession to the title, his Lordship has devoted himself with some assiduity to treasure-hunting. But the coal in the vicinity of Wentworth is still the best treasure that he has ever realised.

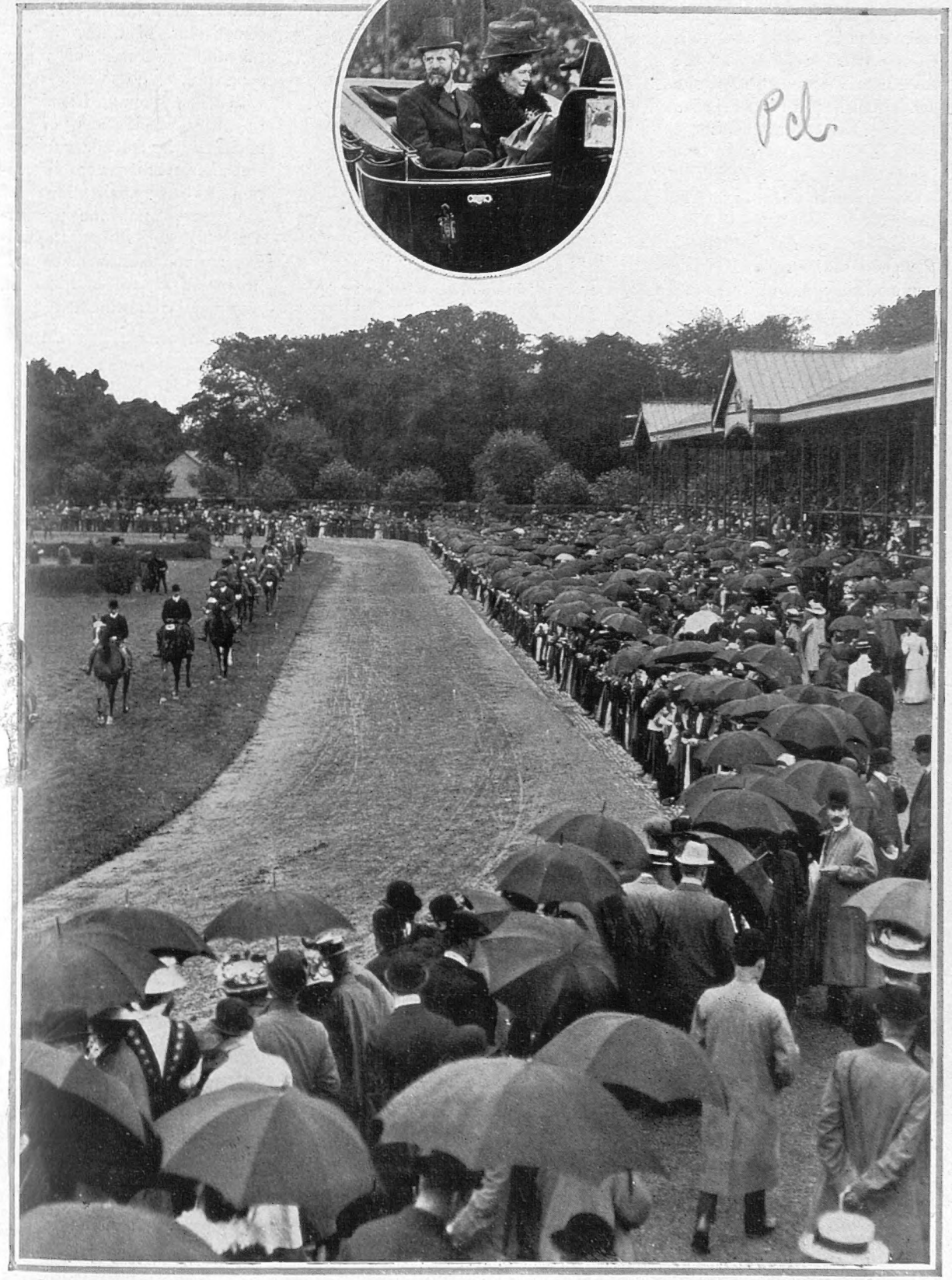
Photos *L.N.A.*

Left to right: Sir Clifton Hogg, Lady Weldon, Mr. Adrian Hope, and the Marchioness of Headfort

A Ruined Carnival

THE SCENE AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW DURING THE HUNTERS' PARADE

The Viceroy Arrives, with the Vicereine



Photos *L.N.A.*

"Dear, dirthy Dublin" was also unfortunately, decidedly damp last week for the Dublin Horse Show, with the result that the gathering suffered considerably from a fashionable and social point of view, though it is now such a classic event in the sporting calendar that no mere weather conditions can influence its popularity and success in the eyes of horse-lovers. From the half-dozen entries with which the Show was inaugurated in 1831, the number has risen this year to 1,263, of which nearly a thousand were in the hunter class. Some discussion has been held as to whether there is a decline in quality in this section of the exhibits, but there seems to be little reason to fear the truth of the rumour. The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen, with a distinguished company of friends, were present during each day of the Show

The End of Summer Sport: The York Races

The King of Spain

The Queen of Spain has been energetic in visiting hospitals, "speaking kindly" to the patients, paying duty calls and calls of friendship, and religiously attending mass at the Benedictine Convent since she arrived on her visit to Princess Henry of Battenberg at Osborne Cottage. In fact, what she hasn't done wouldn't be worth a Queen's doing—at any rate in the Isle of Wight. The King of Spain once said, "What's the good of being a King if you can't do what other people mayn't?" Perhaps that was why he changed the scene of his arrival in London so suddenly on Monday week. Exuberant as ever, he greeted everybody in his jolly way, and kissed the hand of Mme. Villa de Urrutia, prettiest of all Ambassadresses, who had just come up from rusticating at Bognor to greet her Sovereign at Victoria Station. Alfonso is glad to be in England, but the detectives who dog his footsteps here, as everywhere when he is *en voyage*, get on his nerves horribly.

* * *

Royal Taste in English Ladies

The King admires most things English, and appreciates the beauty of Englishwomen. He only regrets their unelastic tread, their useful-looking feet, and that they dance ungracefully. The German Emperor, ever "a connoisseur of things beautiful and *dilettante* of things delightful," does not agree with his young friend as to the gracelessness of his uncle Edward's fair subjects. But he takes severe exception as to their love of the rouge and the powder-pot. "Every second Englishwoman you meet is made-up," he remarked to a friend in England last autumn.

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Winner (in a Field of Four!) of the Great Ebor Handicap

Captain Laing's Rousay going to scale after the race, which has had only one such small field before, in 1896

Photo] **Dull Weather but Large Crowds at the York Races: The County Stand and Members' Enclosure** *[Sport and General*

The weather at the York Races was anything but pleasant, except on the last day, when Mr. W. Raphael's Blankney II. won the Gimcrack Stakes, which have gone to Mr. Hall Walker for the previous three years

Photo *Sport and General*

Waiting for the Next Race—and the Next Shower

Mrs. Lycett Green (*on left*), wife of the Master of the York and Ainsty Hounds

Photo *Topical Agency*

Merry in Spite of the Rain

Earl Fitzwilliam and Mrs. Vyner

The New Age in Turkey

THE ROSTRUM AND THE NEWSPAPER: SYMBOLS OF DEMOS IN SALONICA

Photo *Bulbeck and Co.*

HITHERTO FORBIDDEN THINGS: NEWSPAPER BOYS AND A PLATFORM FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING N SALONICA

Since the arrival of the Turkish millennium the people have been expanding in every direction on the most approved Western methods. Newspapers, hitherto forbidden, are selling in the streets just as in London, and the tongue of the Turk is at last let loose. He wags it to his heart's content wherever a rostrum can be erected

Is the British Admiralty a Fool?

Wilhelm the Conqueror!

If Germany could "secure the command of the North Sea for three days she could invade and conquer the United Kingdom without any serious difficulty." This is what Lieut.-Colonel Alsager Pollock, without a wince, and, apparently, without a wink, actually says in this month's *National Review*. Though this may give one furiously to blink, there is no denying that these are Colonel Pollock's very words, however much he may now wish he had never written anything so fantastic. There are some people who live in a perpetual state of catching Germany in the act of invading Great Britain. Though this may not be quite so easy as it looks, there are plenty of people to whom it looks much easier than it is. But I had scarcely thought that Colonel Pollock, who is a distinguished soldier as well as an accomplished journalist, was one of these. In fact, I believe he really knows better, but thinks the silly season an appropriate time to make our flesh creep. But our flesh has been made to creep so many times already in exactly the same way that it has lost something of its capacity in that direction, and these constant and irritating "bolts from the blue" only give us the sensation of having been tickled. The Pollockian bolt, therefore, falls with no more effect than water on a duck's back. The ingenious writer, who was born fifty-five years ago, served in South Africa in 1878-79, and at Suakim in 1885. In the Boer War he "specially corresponded" for the *Times*, and is editor of the *United Service Magazine*. He is author of two books and many articles in the reviews and the newspapers, so that he has the pen of a ready writer.

Photo Helen McCaul and Elizabeth Dickson

Lieut.-Col. A. W. A. Pollock

Who has been telling us, in the *National Review*, exactly how the Germans are to invade our sacred shores

* * *

The Ideal German Invasion

His story of what one may call the ideal German invasion is entertaining enough in its way. In far-off German New Guinea there is a little affair between the police and some Australians. That is all, as far as all England, including all the Cabinet, knows. Next, most of the English General Staff is lured to Germany, baited by some particularly fascinating army manœuvres. Note the weather — invasion weather. "The 'gentle Zephyr' blew," writes Colonel Pollock

Photo *Russell*

A Sign that the Admiralty is not Asleep: At Work on the New Defences of Portsmouth Harbour

In order to secure the safety of Portsmouth Harbour from torpedo attacks at night the Admiralty is constructing a breakwater which is to divert navigation into one channel, which may be covered by searchlights. The defence is to cost about £1,000,000, and is being constructed of concrete blocks, each weighing 60 tons

The Vanquished of Marrakesh

Muley Amir (on the mule in front), Uncle of Abdul Aziz, and Chief of his Defeated Army *Illustrations Bureau*

tically, "and the North Sea was dead calm." ing advantage of this propitious state of the w ther, the German Ambassador c s at the British Foreign Office ully to declare war. The Minister, driving up "in haste," follows suit. Then es, naturally enough, the ng up of the General Post e—those German waiters, no t—the cutting of telegraph in all directions—those nan bands, perhaps—and the ruction of bridges in the East ties—this time admittedly German waiters from London." guileless British General cers at the German manœuvres "confined," the Straits of er blocked with mines, like the uth of the Thames—"though the British authorities knew it not"—and "the Channel Fleet and the Portsmouth and Plymouth divisions of the Home Fleet are, for a time, unable to take action" against the German battleships which suddenly appear in the North Sea.

* * *

Imagination with a Purpose?

The landing of four armies of 30,000 or 40,000 men each "about" Cromer, Lowestoft, Aldeburgh-on-Sea, and Harwich is, comparatively speaking, but the work of a moment, and the invasion is complete. "The Germans are at least as well acquainted with the topography of our Eastern Counties as we are ourselves," says Colonel Pollock, which is, no doubt, true. Then the gallant Colonel proceeds to give back to the British Fleets the command of the North Sea, and "all we have to do" is to defeat the German Army of 150,000 combatants, opposed to our "motley array" of Regulars, Militia, and Territorials. "Can we do it?" asks Colonel Pollock. In effect he answers that we cannot, although he has cut his German army off from its base, which would put it in quite an awkward position, would it not? Perhaps such imaginings are not without value if they succeed in stimulating the nation into a realisation of Lord Cromer's warning of the "European conflict which may not improbably be forced on us before many years have elapsed."

Photo Kol and Co.

The Vanquished Sultan: Abdul Aziz

Whose defeat at Marrakesh has, for the present at any rate, lifted his rival, Mulai Hafid, on to the Moroccan throne

* * *

What About the Navy?

If these fantastic tales serve this purpose they will not have been written in vain. But, surely, Colonel Pollock himself realises that such tales *are* fantastic; that such "bolts from the blue" *are*

The Dutch Succession

King Edward Decorates a Postcard
which is cut in the shape of a Marienbad "Cure" glass, and adorned with silhouette portraits of his Majesty

chimeras; that these absurd bottlings up of the British Fleets *are* but nightmares. For what purpose does Colonel Pollock suppose that the British Navy exists, and has existed, for quite a long time now—say, since the days of Alfred the Great? Really, it is time people took the Navy a little more seriously, and began to realise the extreme difficulty of invasion by anybody on earth while it exists in a state of efficiency and numerical power. It is really a fact, wild as it may seem, that the British Fleet exists for the purpose of preventing attack by sea! Nobody suggests the impossibility of an attack being made, and made suddenly. But let us be calm and, even though we are ruled by a Radical Government, there is really no immediate reason for thinking that the Navy is quite a fool. The Admiralty is fairly awake, as the new defence works at Portsmouth show. The new wall, which is to cost about as much as a battleship, will protect the harbour, which Colonel Pollock has dreamed full of German mines, from night attacks by torpedo craft. At present these nasty little beasts can creep along the shore unseen, but the new wall will divert navigation to one channel, which can be illuminated with searchlights, and so keep anything German which anyone can imagine out of harm's way.

* * *

The Question of the Dutch

Colonel Pollock drags in Holland, making her the pawn of Germany in declaring war upon us simultaneously with that Power. When Germany does declare war upon us, this, no doubt, is just what she would like, if, before that weekly-expected event, Holland has not become part of the German Empire. Holland, with its splendid harbours, would infinitely improve Germany's naval and commercial position. The possibility of the occupation of the other opposite shores of the North Sea by Germany is one that is to be watched with interest by John Bull, who, I hope, is not quite the attenuated personage Colonel Pollock thinks. By the way, mention of Holland brings to mind the interesting question of the Dutch succession. Something in this direction was announced to be expected of Queen Wilhelmina quite recently. This would be a very joyful event indeed, for it is not long since the Dutch States-General were anxiously considering the question of the succession in the event of the Queen's demise, there being then no child of her marriage with Prince Henry. An old Dutch Constitutional law provides that the Sovereign may re-marry after a fruitless union of more than five years. In view of the news of Queen Wilhelmina, it is to be hoped there will be no necessity to revive the idea of putting this law into force, as there was a few years ago. The reason for doing so would be a very good one, for the next-of-kin to the throne is a German, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and after him another German, the Prince of Reuss. This succession would naturally be the very thing that would please the Kaiser most, though his Majesty, whatever his designs, would still have the little difficulty of Holland herself to deal with—and the Dutch are not exactly invertebrate as a Power. In the interesting possibility of the Kaiser asking for Holland, he may find that he is asking too much.

Photo *E. N. A.*
Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and her Consort, Prince Henry
The Queen, it is announced, is at last expected to present Holland with the long-looked-for heir. Such an event would considerably lessen the German menace, securing, as it would, the succession to the House of Orange. Otherwise the next-of-kin to the throne is a German

* * *

Mulai's Marrakesh

So Germany and Turkey are not to divide the attention of the silly season between them after all. The European situation would be somewhat tame without Morocco, and so Mulai Hafid has given another fillip to our interest in things Shereefian by putting the finishing touch at Marrakesh to his recent exploits. It is not, however, quite so easy to knock Abdul off his throne as some thought, and at the time of writing it appears more than likely that civil war will go spasmodically on as merrily as ever. As to what the Powers will do, I imagine that this question disturbs the rival Sultans considerably less than it disturbs the Powers themselves. What difficulty the latter would have in "recognising" either, without recourse to another Algeciras Conference, nobody really knows. Morocco is entitled to her own choice in the way of Sultans, and the Powers have no more right to dictate to her in this matter than they have to decide on the next King of England. Of course, the victory at Marrakesh may be interpreted as a sort of cry of "Vote for Mulai and to Hades with the Powers!" And should Mulai defy the Conference-makers, he will hear of it. It is not very likely that the Kaiser will seize on the situation to embarrass France this time. At the moment his Majesty's energies are devoted to other things nearer the North Sea.

Tommy on the Ocean

DELIGHTS OF TROOPSHIP LIFE: II.—"BAGGAGE DAY"

While the voyage is in progress, one day a week is known as "Baggage Day," when, if notice has been given to the purser, luggage that has been marked "Not wanted on voyage" may be obtained. Naturally it is the contents of such trunks and packages which the lady-folk especially desire directly the lu gage is stowed away, and "Baggage Day" is anticipated by them with eager expectancy

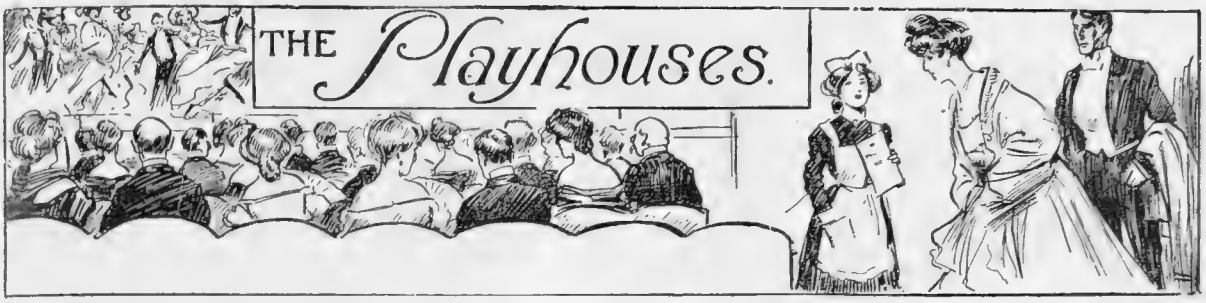
The second drawing of a series in which E. G. O. Beuttler *depicts the delights of life on board a troopship*

Paris-Sur-Mer

TROUVILLE, THE BOULEVARDIER'S FAVOURITE SUMMER RETREAT

Photo] A MID-DAY SCENE IN THE RUE DE PARIS [*Topical Agency*

Trouville and its sister town of Deauville are probably the best-dressed resorts on the Continent, for not only "tout" Paris throngs there, but also the fashion of Britain and America. Whereas Deauville has latterly become more definitely associated with sport, Trouville is still the rendezvous for the world "qui s'amuse," and at the Casino and a hundred-and-one other centres its every requirement is well catered for



By EGAN MEW

The Reign of the Understudy

During this August many charming people not generally seen on the London stage have been playing leading parts. There is a spirit of romance still clinging to the rôle of the understudy and the character of the débutante. It is the generous desire of the public to give the newcomer a good chance, that is so excellently exploited by Mr. Chevalier just now at the Coliseum. The old play, which he has cleverly adapted and renamed "Behind the Scenes," owes a good deal of its success to the fact that a young and untried girl gets the best of an established "leading lady." That is the sporting hope that the playgoer likes to see fulfilled. As a matter of fact, the understudies of to-day are a very cheery and contented race of gifted people who are not so madly anxious to shine as "leading ladies," and generally play some other part which suits them infinitely better. Still, chances do arrive from time to time, and reputations are made by chance.

Photo *L. Caswall Smith*

Mr. Matheson Lang, now playing "Pete" at the Lyceum

An accident to his arm having prevented him filling a part in the last Lyceum production, Mr. Lang has again taken up a principal rôle in *Pete*, the revised edition of Mr. Hall Caine's *The Manxman*

Miss Frances Vine

At the Criterion, for instance, the title-rôle has been played by Miss Vine in a way one thought no one but Miss Moore could have effected. That *The Mollusc* needs a great deal of playing was demonstrated to me the other day when I chanced upon that agreeable and favourite actress, Miss Annie Hughes, in the part. Gifted and bright as this lady is, the character absolutely evaded her, and the difficulties that Miss Vine had overcome became even more clear. "Molluscing" is an art not given to many. It is true that at the Criterion there is Mr. Yorke Stephens as support—an ideal understudy for Sir Charles Wyndham, and an actor one is delighted to welcome again in a leading part in a London theatre. The fleshpots of successful provincial tours have held him too long.

Changes and Chances

During the past month Miss Gertrude Glyn has been one of the merriest of *The Merry Widow* party at Daly's, and Miss Enid Leonhardt has shone with the radiance of a fixed star rather than that of an understudy at the Gaiety in *Havana*. Mr. Henry J. Ford and Madame Bruce-Joy have continued the success of Mr. James Welch and Miss Audrey Ford in *When Knights Were Bold*, and Miss Florence Tempest and Miss Sheilah Heseltine have been the new and shining lights of *Mrs. Dot* during the holidays.

A New Flag-Lieutenant

Has seen service at The Playhouse while Mr. Cyril Maude has been away. Mr. Lewin Mannering has made an excellent impression in the admirable part which Major Drury and Mr. Leo Trevor wrote in such fashion as to enable Mr. Maude to take the town. Miss Winifred Emery has remained in the cast throughout the August weather. But I fancy it has been very pleasant at The Playhouse for the many strangers now in Town, who have not failed to pay a visit to *The Flag-Lieutenant* and welcome the company with applause each night. In fact, so many foreign people have been among the audience that there is now a little message "Aux Français" in the advertisements of The Playhouse, which I hope delights our theatre-loving neighbours.

Autumn Comes

But already the summer is over and the day of the understudy is passing. Miss Lottie Venne is now at home again at the Vaudeville, and the other leading people are opening the autumn campaign. Before this comes into my readers' hands several managements will have unmasked their batteries, and the theatre-goers at large will know what to think, see, and avoid.

E. M.

A Fascinating Housemaid!

The Forthcoming "Faust"

Speculation is rife regarding the Carr-Phillips-Tree version of *Faust*, but Mr. Tree is adopting Brer Rabbit's policy of "lyin' low and sayin' nuffin'." He wisely, however, allows rumours to reach the public's ears with regard to his reading of Mephistopheles, the fallen angel side of whose character, rather than the Satanic, is to be emphasised. We also have to restrain our impatience till Saturday next to learn anything tangible about Miss Marie Löhr's Margaret. The exigencies of musical talent so o'ershadow everything else in the part in *Faust* as an opera that its purely dramatic interpretation is anticipated with interest; but, despite the fact that she is still so young, Miss Löhr is a discriminating actress, who has already proved her worth. I could hardly believe her when she told me the other day that she was only eighteen last month, for she has already made the success of two Haymarket pieces, *My Wife* and *Her Father*. The daughter of Miss Kate Bishop, she was born in Australia, but, though she came to England when quite a baby, she was able to make her theatrical début in the country of her birth at a benefit at Sydney for Mr. George Rignold, her godfather. Her first appearance in England was in *Shockheaded Peter* at the Garrick, and later in *Water Babies* and *The Babes in the Wood* at Fulham. She attributes most of her success, however, to the experience she gained when touring with the Kendals. Her newest rôle is, of course, a far more severe test than she has yet undergone, but I confidently anticipate her success therein.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Gertrude Elliot as Stacia in the new Jerome Play at the St. James's

Mr. Jerome's new play, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, was due for production last night (Tuesday) by Mr. Forbes Robertson, who has been having a preliminary canter with the piece in the provinces

A Symphony in Colour at the Hippodrome

The Hippodrome is no place for the colour-blind just now. The attraction is Miss Loïe Fuller and her girl dancers in "A Ballet of Light," which, however, seems to have little real ballet about it, for it is entirely the light and colour-effects on slowly moving draperies which constitute the fascination of the performance. We all know Loïe Fuller as the inventor of the application of light effects to dancing. Now the latter part of her art seems to have been reduced to a minimum, and the former developed to a marvellous extent. Still, no matter. The latest development is altogether entrancing, and the result is a veritable Symphony in Colour. Scene merges into scene, and colour melts into colour, the ocean grotto becomes cloudland, the storm-clouds become the Spirits of the Flame—an ever-changing vista of light and shade and rainbow tints. An adequate word-picture is impossible. The "Ballet of Light" is a sumptuous sight for all lovers of the beautiful. This new turn is in rather sharp relief to a somewhat "holiday" programme, which I trust the autumn season will considerably enliven. Steps in this direction have been taken this week with the Hippodrama, "The Sands of Dee," whose much-advertised attraction is "real waves."

The Promenade Concerts

The Queen's Hall, where the Promenade Concerts are in full swing every evening, shows no signs of the proverbial "emptiness" of London at the present time. There was certainly no room for promenading had one wished to do so when I dropped in the other evening to hear Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica." Even for Mr. Wood's appreciative audience, the work proved a little intricate, and I found it difficult to enthuse upon its extreme modernity. Nevertheless, the interpretation under Mr. Wood's able direction was a noteworthy one. Somewhat as a contrast was the splendid way in which the Liszt-Schubert "Wanderer Fantasia" was received, Miss Evelyn Suart being at the piano. An interesting feature, by the way, in the programmes of the Promenade Concerts during the present season is the inclusion—generally on Saturday evenings—of ten of the twelve earliest *authentic* Symphonies of Haydn, which form the contents of the first volume of the new Critical Complete Edition of his works, now in process of publication by the firm of Breitkopf and Hartell.

H. P.

The Understudy Season

SOME LESSER LIGHTS WHO HAVE BEEN SHINING LATELY

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Frances Vine

Who has understudied Miss Mary Moore, and is now playing her part in *The Mollusc* at the Criterion

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Gertrude Glyn

Who has been understudying Miss Lily Elsie in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's

Photo *Bolak*

Very Like Her Sister: Miss Florence Tempest

Now playing in *Mrs. Dot* at the Comedy in place of her sister, Miss Marie Tempest, whom she so greatly resembles

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Enid Leonhardt

Understudying Miss Jean Aylwin in *Havana* at the Gaiety

The past holiday month has given the chance to many charming understudies of showing how nearly they can approach their—at present—better-known principals, and well, too, have they succeeded. Opportunities of this sort are eagerly welcomed, and are often the occasion for a somewhat undeservedly unappreciated branch of the Profession to display their latent talent, which frequently throws open the high road to permanent recognition and success

Random Jottings

Mulai Hafid is said to have a great affection for his brother, Abdul Aziz. If only Abdul would come to him, Mulai would not mind shooting him with his favourite gun.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd-George's visit has not been in vain. He has discovered that the Germans are wonderfully courteous, so that if they invade us at any time, at any rate we shall not be able to take exception to their manners.

* * *

It seems a great shame that sufficient money to welcome back the American Olympic athletes should not at once have been raised in their own country, and that there should be a possibility of Mr. Carpenter not getting his silver cup for the 400 metres incident. Why, when it might prove an excellent means of consummating an athletic *entente*, does not our own Lord Mayor start a fund?

That is a pretty notion which Parisian motor-cyclists are carrying out of having a small tambourine attached to the front fork of their machines instead of a bell or horn on the handle-bars. The tambourine plays as the wheel goes round, and we feel sure that if motorists in this country would adopt it, there would be less of an outcry against them. Even "Country Parson," who doesn't dare to walk in his own lanes, would not object, surely, to dying to the sweet strains of a tambourine?

* * *

Mr. Wilbur Wright is believed to be annoyed at the description of King Alfonso's visit to this country as a "flying visit," when, as a matter of fact, the young monarch travelled, at any rate from Folkestone to Charing Cross, along a well-known railway system.

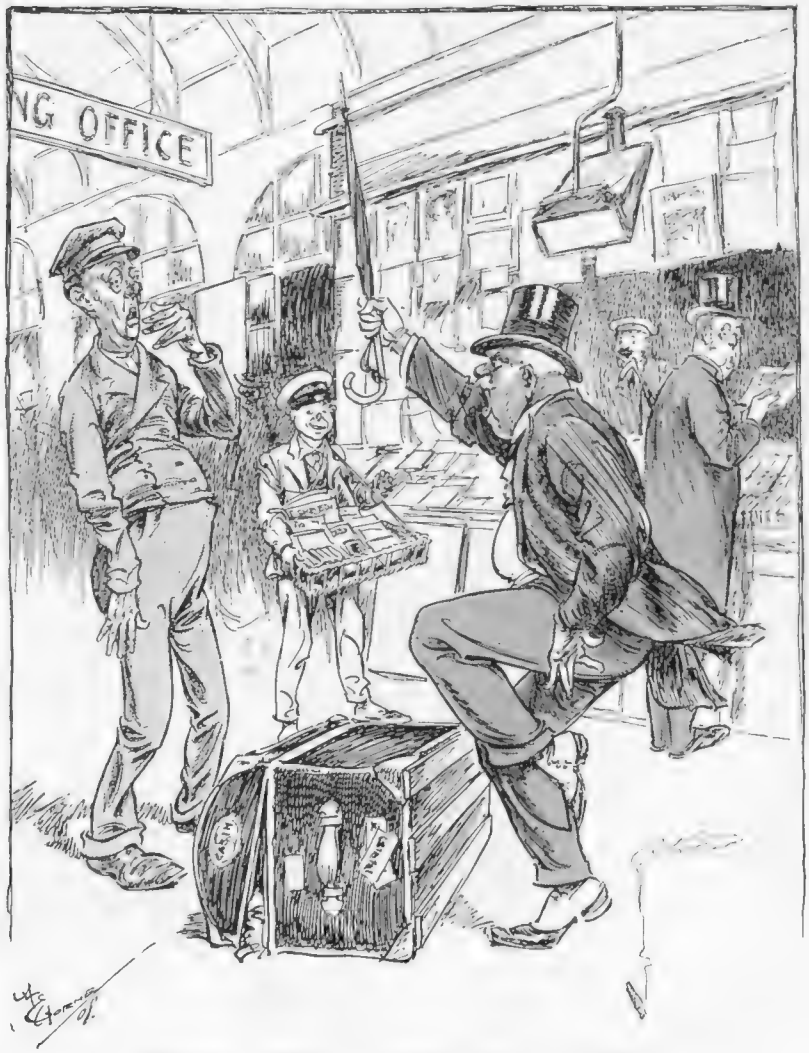
* * *

The *Daily Telegraph* has made the discovery that "at least two of the present Cabinet Ministers were baptised by total immersion." We resent this Transatlantic method of prying into the private affairs of our public men.

* * *

"Manœuvre-boxes"—corresponding to shooting-boxes which could be taken for the Salisbury Plain season by smart people, are advocated in a contemporary, which considers a widespread interest in the manœuvres would thereby be created. Add padded cells for newspaper reporters, and the Army would get along like anything.

* * *



FINANCIAL REPORT: A HEAVY FALL IN TRUNKS
By A. E. Horne

Tempora Mutantur

(*A Californian fruit specialist has invented a fruit that is even finer than the Peach. It is called the Peacherine.*)

When Betty bade me write her verses lately
(She knew that I was bashful in my speech),
I found the safest—if not the most stately—
Metaphor for a *fiancée* was a "Peach."

But Fashions change, and now, it seems, a rarer
Fruit's been hit on; whence I rather ween
That—in addressing these few lines to Clara—
I'd better say she is a "Peacherine."

A Task for the Imagination

Mrs. O'Dinnis: "Foightin' again, Patrick? Why, pwhat a state yez is in!"

Mr. O'Dinnis: "Ah, but yez ought to gaze upon the rimnants of the other feller; I'm a Vanus roisin from the waves compared wid him"

BY G. E. STUDDY

Told by Time-Table

A CHRONOLOGICAL COMEDY: By SPENCER EDGE

Exactly as the ormulu clock in the breakfast-room struck

9.30 Sir Reginald Stoney was offered his hat, coat, and umbrella and made a frantic rush to catch the

9.40 At

9.31 Mr. Pyefleet (a fellow-director who lived in the same avenue) also made a rush for it, and by

10. 1 they had both reached the City. By the time Sir Reginald's watch pointed to

10.41 Sir Reginald had dictated his letters and expressed a wish that they should be brought for his signature at half-past twelve at the latest; and, strangely enough, at

10.59 Mr. Pyefleet, in the next room, made the same request.

Barely, however, had the clock in the nearest church chimed the hour of

11. 0 when the office boy announced Mr. Binks.

Now Mr. Binks not only came from Sheffield, but was one of the Company's best customers, and when he had placed a very satisfactory order, Sir Reginald Stoney and Mr. Benjamin Pyefleet discovered that it was

12.30 It was just then, or, to be precise, at

12.31 that Sir Reginald reminded Mr. Binks that they had not expected him till the following day, and at

12.32 Mr. Binks agreed that that was so. All the same, he trusted that this unavoidable change in his plans would not interfere with their time-honoured custom of standing him a champagne luncheon.

No sooner had he spoken, than at

12.34 Sir Reginald said he was devastated, but as he had an engagement, doubtless Mr. Binks would accept the hospitality of his co-director, Mr. Pyefleet. (He thought it better not to add that the engagement was to meet a lady.) At that Mr. Pyefleet's face fell, and although by

12.35 he had not caught it, he, none the less, made the same excuse. Much as he was overcome, however, he was still more distressed when at

12.36 Mr. Binks cancelled his order, and walked out of the office.

From

12.37 to 12.38 Sir Reginald and Mr. Pyefleet stood and looked at each other, and at

12.39 to the tick, Sir Reginald wanted to know why the —— Mr. Pyefleet hadn't had the decency to put his engagement off.

Now it was precisely at that moment that a lady emerged from a house (in the same avenue as his own) and bustled to the station, and at

12.40 a second lady (who lived in the same avenue as Mr. Pyefleet) likewise set forth. At

12.52 these two ladies neatly evaded each other on the up platform, and when the

12.53 came in, one of them rushed to a first-class carriage in the front of the train, whilst the other stole into an equally first-class carriage at the back. And now to return to Sir Reginald. When his watch informed him that it was

1. 7 he glided down the Company's marble stairs and hurried westward. At the corner of King William Street, however, he ran into Mr. Pyefleet, who was apparently looking for a taxi; and not knowing whether he had been seen, darted off down a side street. By

1. 9 having wiped his aristocratic brow, and assured himself (or the tenth time) that he was safe, his spirits rose. But, when at

1.15 he entered a florist's and found Mr. Pyefleet paying for an elaborate buttonhole, they sank lower than ever. Meanwhile at

1.20 the first lady glided into the Cosmopolitan Restaurant and gave a sigh of relief; but at exactly

1.22 she looked up to see the second lady standing in front of her. Although she did her best to hide behind a point-lace handkerchief she was not successful, and at

1.25 they made the best of a bad job, and fell into each other's arms. Having simultaneously told one another that they were waiting for a girl friend, they both had decided by

1.31 that they would wait no longer. Thus it fell that by

1.43 Sir Reginald had taxied back to the City, and was snatching a chop at Pimm's; that by

1.44 Mr. Pyefleet was brooding over a sandwich at Sweetings', and that by

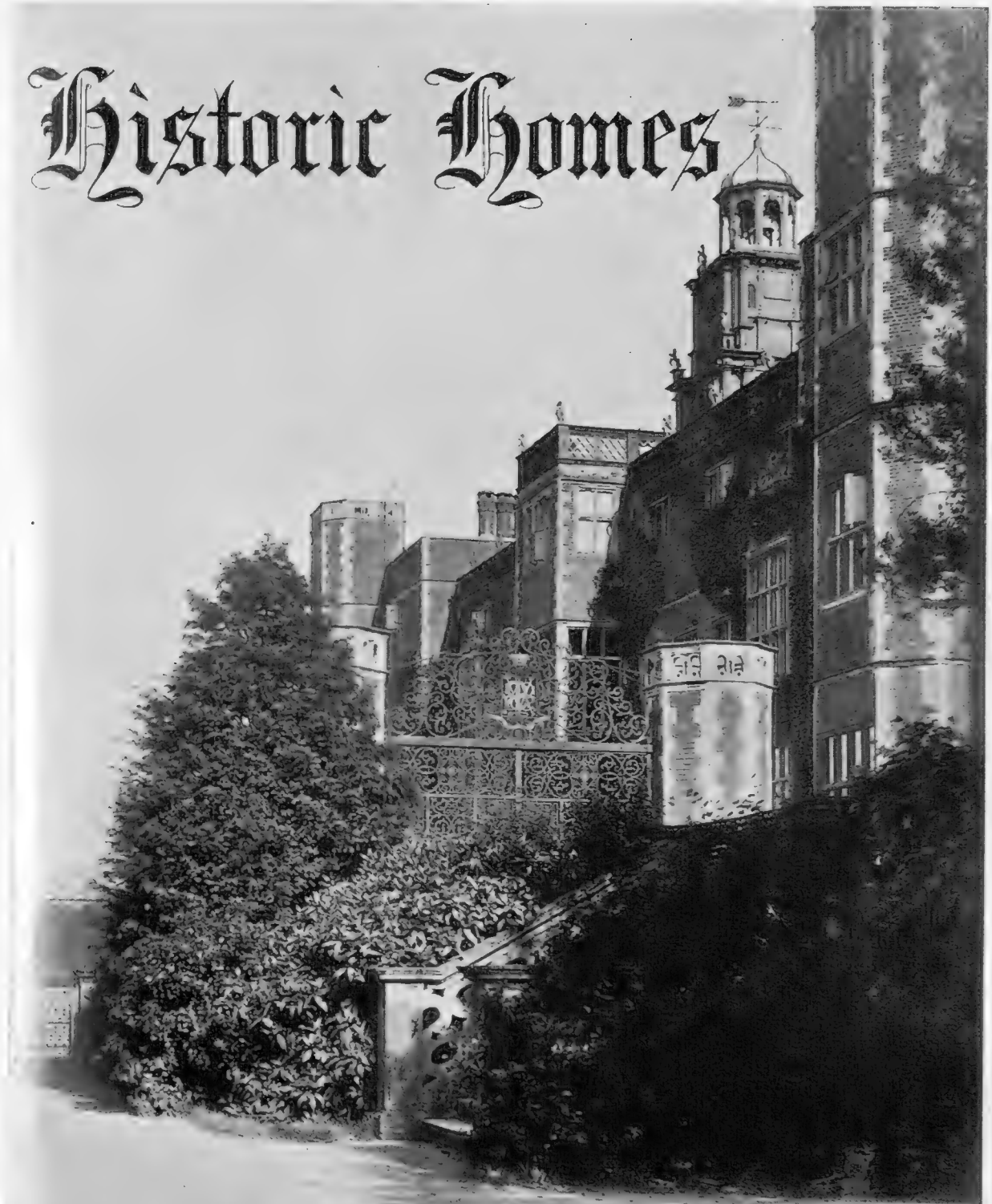
1.45 two waiters in the Cosmopolitan were starting, vindictively, to look for more reliable patrons.

To conclude. At

7.30 Sir Reginald and Lady Stoney sat down to dinner as though nothing had happened to either of them, whilst at a house in the same avenue Mr. and Mrs. Pyefleet sat down as innocently at

7.31.

Historic Homes



Hatfield House.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

No. 3 of the Series (Photographs taken for The Bystander *by Leonard Willoughby)*

The Home of the Cecils:

The South Façade, with the Cloisters and Chief Entrance in the Centre, Flanked by the Two Wings

The centre of the South façade is a magnificent example of the Palladian style, and this photograph shows very well Hatfield's vast extent of brick and stone

Hatfield House

After Cotehele and Ightham Mote (illustrated in THE BYSTANDER in the two previous weeks) it is by way of contrast that one turns to Hatfield House, the very different home of the Cecils, the renaissance splendours of which have graced Hatfield since the spacious days of James I. The house reflects the greatness of the family which has owned it since that monarch took a fancy to Theobalds — that fine but vanished home of the great Lord Burghley—and exchanged Hatfield for it with Lord Burghley's second son, Robert, first Earl of Salisbury. As of olden time, the later history of Hatfield has been one largely of splendid entertainments, or at any rate of entertainments reflecting the splendour of the entertained. So many great personages knew the hospitality of Hatfield during the late Lord Salisbury's reign that the house became the symbol of English hospitality at its finest, and the Mecca of the socially ambitious. A visit to Hatfield was something like a visit to Buckingham Palace. It distinguished the visitor. Queen Victoria and most of the Kings and Queens of Europe went there at one time or another, and a host of famous people, from Mr. Gladstone to Li Hung Chang. To Kings and Queens,

The Oak Door of the North Front Entrance

The Two Handsome Lamps at the Approach to the North Front of the House

These lamps, like so much of the detail of the rest of the house, are in the style imported from Italy, which inspired the builders of Renaissance Hatfield, as distinct from the older Gothic building, throughout

Hatfield's Palladian Glories

The East Wing and (on the left) the South Front and Exterior of the Cloisters

Since it was originally built, the South front has been completely restored, and the arcade filled with a fretwork of stone (which is glazed)

An Ivy-Mantled Corner of the East Wing

Of course, Hatfield has been familiar since James I. found lavish entertainment there, in the house as we know it now.

The Pre-Cecil Era

Long before this was built, however, there was an important residence on its site. The older Gothic house was built by one of the Bishops of Ely, Hatfield's owners in the early days. So that, if the walls of the present house could speak, they would tell of the grand old line of the Cecils, it is true, but nothing of Henry VIII., who "bagged" the old place at the Dissolution, or of the nine-year-old Prince Edward, who had lessons in French there before he became Edward VI., or of his elder sister, Queen Mary.

Queen Elizabeth

Above all, they would be silent anent Princess Elizabeth. In the ancient banqueting hall, still standing, and now serving the dignified office of stables, she held high

The Beauty of Water: A Garden Fountain

A charming corner of one of the two gardens on the West and East side of the house. This is on the West side, and the basin and fountain are typical of the Italian gardens of the period

The Home Magnificent: The Great Marble

The spaciousness of Elizabethan times is reflected in the great houses of the period, and the spirit of the Renaissance inspired English architecture as it did English literature and art. Of this new feeling, Hatfield House is a complete expression, and its Great Hall—called the Marble Hall—is the crowning achievement of the b and fine tapestry; its carved screen and open its splendid ceiling, coved, carved, painted,

Hall, one of the Splendours of Hatfield House

g. It is fifty feet by thirty. Its oak panelling ery; its great chimney piece; its royal portraits; decorated with heads of the Cæsars; all leave an impression of princely magnificence—not, it must be admitted, unmingled with a smack of the grandiose—thoroughly in harmony with the splendid traditions of a house which has been variously swayed by the crown, the mitre, and the coronet, and for centuries the home of the Cecils.

Relics of Queen Elizabeth

"Great Eliza" as Diana: One of the five Portraits of the Queen at Hatfield

Among the many Royal portraits at Hatfield there are no less than five of Queen Elizabeth, including this one by Cornelius Vroom. Another equally elaborate pictorial compliment is the celebrated large portrait by Zucchero

revel and pageantry of a Christmas and at Shrovetide. Then, of course, pageantry was in its heyday. It was at Hatfield, too, that Elizabeth was apprised of the death of Queen Mary, as she was taking the air under an oak, still standing in the park. On this occasion she lost her garden hat. It is preserved at Hatfield among many relics of the Queen, including her Majesty's cradle and an emblazoned pedigree tracing her ancestry to Adam.

The Cecils came to Hatfield before Hatfield came to the Cecils. For out of the numerous courtiers who flocked to the place after Mary's death, Elizabeth, as we read, "showed her decided preference for Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burghley)—the astute, the most politic Cecil," and appointed him Chief Secretary of State on the spot.

"A Stately Dwelling and a Rich"

King James's right-hand man, the first Earl of Salisbury, found Hatfield House too cramped for his expansive ideas, which, like most people who had ideas at that time, he got from Italy. So he rebuilt it. In Hatfield House he epitomised the English Renaissance, and it remains one of the finest expressions of Jacobean architecture in the land. In its Palladian vastness, in the magnificence of its appointments, in its spacious gardens with their fountains, it is the microcosm of that world of splendour to which Italy had opened the eyes of England. One may wander from the gorgeous King James's Room, through the Chestnut Room, the Rose Bedroom, the Cherry Bedroom, and all over this palace very pleasantly, in an atmosphere of rare and splendid things like oak panelling, marble, rich furniture, carved chests, suits of armour, pictures, choice Japan cabinets, and the porcelain that one loves. Through the windows one may catch glimpses of the bowling green, the maze, the lake with its swans, the park with its immemorial elms, and the meadows by the banks of the pleasant river Lea. And in the old, old gardens one may, perhaps, find oneself looking for descendants of the "great gooseburries," which Pepys says were "as large as nutmegs."

R. A.

One of Queen Elizabeth's Little Vanities

A jewel casket of tortoiseshell and silver, richly worked. A beautiful example of sixteenth-century workmanship

Relics of many Reigns

A case containing Queen Elizabeth's garden hat, the pair of silk stockings given to her Majesty by Sir Thomas Gresham, a purse of King James I., the quill pen with which Lord Salisbury signed the Treaty of Berlin, seals, medals, and stamps

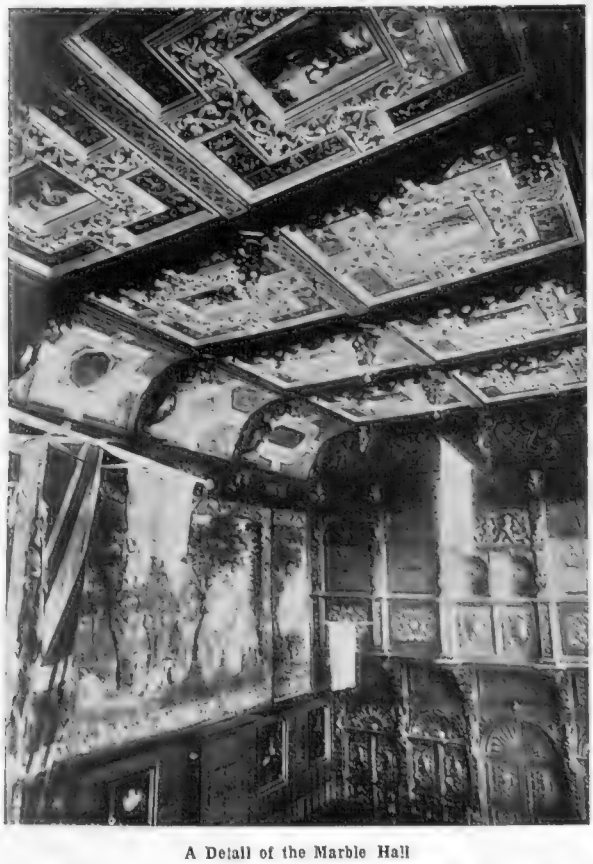
Some Interiors at Hatfield

The Grand Staircase, with its Gate

One of the most noteworthy features of the house. Note the massive balusters and the genii and other carved figures on the newels. The oak wicket gates are said to have been erected to keep the dogs out of the State rooms

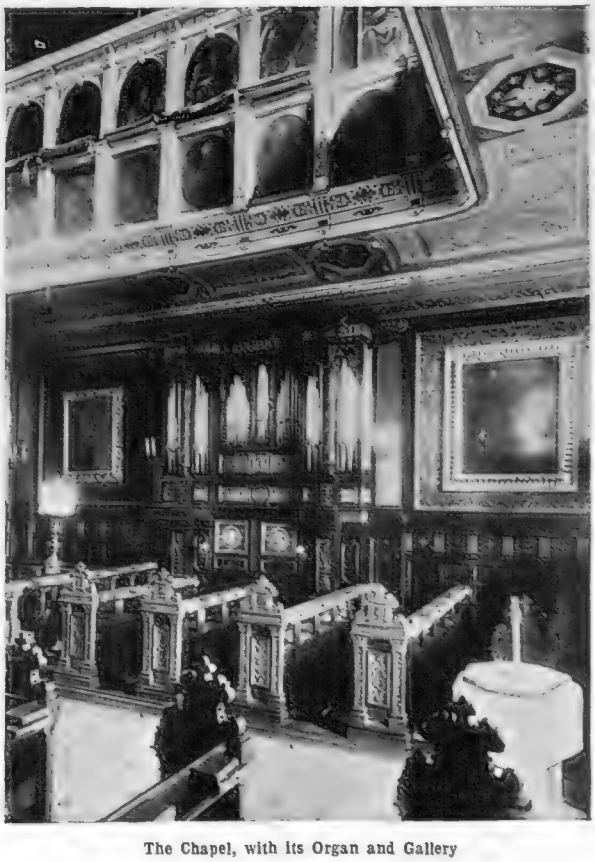
In the Long Gallery

One of the finest rooms in England, with its ornate ceiling, and the carved oak panelling which was brought from elsewhere and fitted to the walls



A Detail of the Marble Hall

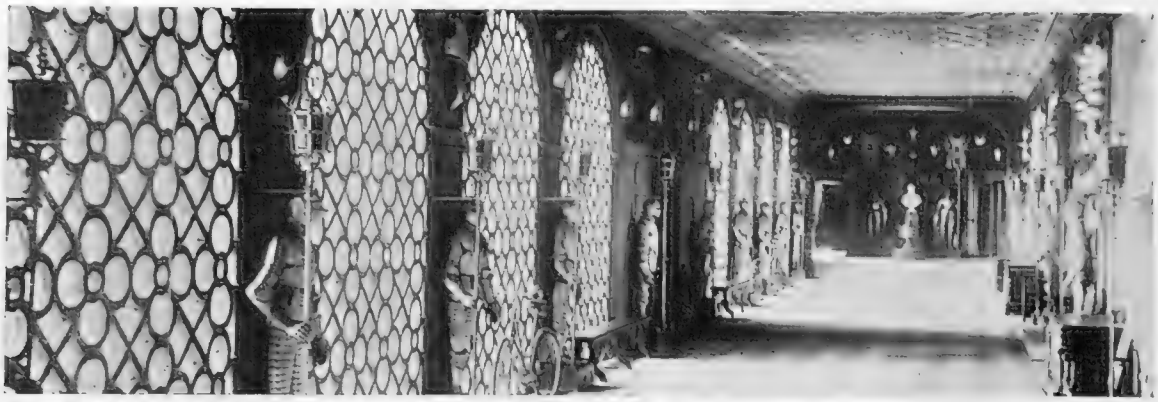
Showing the richly decorated ceiling, with its paintings, the fine wood-work, one of the tapestries, portraits, and banners



The Chapel, with its Organ and Gallery

A remarkably fine room. The gallery is decorated with paintings of Scriptural subjects, and can be entered from the dwelling-rooms

Renaissance and Mediæval



The Long Gallery, or Cloister, with its Fine Ceiling, Stone Fretwork, and Armour

Running the whole length of the South front, the Long Gallery, or Cloister, is a handsome apartment, with six large bay windows, rich oak panelling, much old armour, and Elizabethan furniture. The stone fretwork is glazed

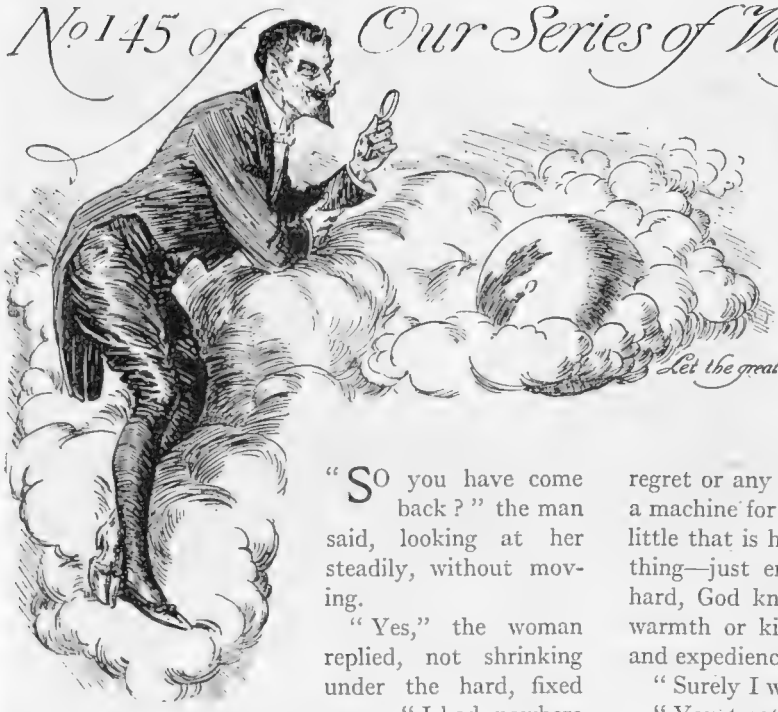
The Library, so Intimately Associated with the Late Marquess of Salisbury

The chief architectural feature of the library, where the late Marquess of Salisbury did a vast deal of his work, is the Renaissance mantelpiece, enriched with a mosaic portrait of the first Earl, "by some Italian hand," says Evelyn. The books and MSS. are of extreme value

Hatfield as Elizabeth Knew It: The Old Banqueting Hall, now the Stables

Here the Princess Elizabeth used to hold high Christmas and Shrovetide revels, and was entertained by the pageants of Sir Thomas Pope, her "governor." Hatfield, then Crown property, did not take its present shape till it came into the possession of the first Earl of Salisbury (second son of Lord Burghley, the famous Lord High Treasurer), who built the house we know to-day

No. 145 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Way of a Woman

By DEREK VANE

(Author of "The Secret Door," etc., etc.)

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

"So you have come back?" the man said, looking at her steadily, without moving.

"Yes," the woman replied, not shrinking under the hard, fixed gaze; "I had nowhere else to go."

"Or you would not have come?"

"Or I should not have come."

"Do you expect me to keep you? There is no law of God or man which compels me to do so."

"I expect nothing. I thought I would come on the chance. If you don't want me I will go."

"Don't you think it would be a little strange if I did want you? Three years ago you left me for another man, and I have heard nothing of you from that day to this. Is it likely that I should welcome you with open arms—that I should be anxious to take you back to my hearth and home?"

"No. I do not expect it—or wish it."

"Then why have you come?"

"I thought perhaps it might suit you to take me back as your housekeeper and secretary. You will remember I used to save you a lot of worry and trouble, and I was very useful in the house. I don't suppose you have found anybody as useful and amiable since, who knows your ways and studies you as I did."

"That is true. You put me to a good deal of inconvenience when you went away. But may I ask why you have returned so suddenly? Have you left the man for whom you thought it worth while to throw up the not inconsiderable advantages you enjoyed as my wife? Or"—he waited a moment—"has he perchance left you?"

"That is it," her face changing for the first time, "he has left me." Her tone was edged with suppressed passion, a quiver ran over the tall, erect figure. "He dared to leave me."

"Ah-h! I see. I wonder why? You are still an exceptionally beautiful woman, and you had other gifts besides which will often hold a man long after he has grown used to a beautiful face. I was surprised how much I missed you when you went."

"You!" she said, turning on him with sudden fierceness, "you missed me, you say?" She gave a jarring laugh. "Why, you don't know what love or regret or any other natural emotion means. You are a machine for making money, that is all; there is very little that is human about you. I tried to find something—just enough to make my life bearable, tried hard, God knows, but failed utterly. There was no warmth or kindness anywhere, only cold calculation and expediency to rule every action."

"Surely I was generous? I denied you nothing?"

"You treated me—as you treated the rest of your property—liberally and judiciously, because it paid you best to do so; you got the most out of us that way. . . . But I did not come here to reproach or plead to you. Shall I go?"

"You have not told me yet why this man left you?"

"Because another woman took his fancy, and I have not fallen low enough even yet to suffer such an insult in silence. If I had been patient I daresay I could have won him back, but I would not try. Let him go! I would not hold him by one vow that he wished to break. But"—her eyes gleamed—"I hope my chance will come some day—that I shall be able to pay back the debt with interest."

"Possibly you thought that it would be displeasing to him that you should come back here?"

"It is not unlikely. I also thought it possible that—as you had not taken the trouble to divorce me—you did not wish completely to sever the tie between us, and so you might consider my proposition to return. Of course, I did not suppose your inaction was due to any kindness for me; rather the reverse. I am sorry if I do you an injustice, but I imagined you wanted to stop Ralph from marrying me, as he was anxious enough to do then."

"He evidently needed the marriage tie to keep him faithful, as you have just confessed."

"I am not making excuses for him. But as you denied us the chance of settling down like respectable people, you owe me some reparation; I am still more or less your property. You have not been set free from your duties and obligations. What are you going to do with me?"

For a few minutes he did not answer; then he looked up. Though his self-control was almost perfect, his face twitched a little, and his voice was so level and expressionless as to sound almost unnatural.

"I will make a suggestion," he said. "It is yours to take or to leave, but I shall not change it in any way or make any other. I am willing that you should

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come back and live your own life in my house on one condition."

Their eyes met like the crossing of swords.

"And that is?" she asked quietly.

"That you should help me to my revenge—and your own. In plain words, that you should help me to punish Ralph Tremayne for his behaviour to me and to yourself." There was a throb in the level voice now which could not entirely be controlled. "Do you think because I have done and said nothing for three years that I have forgotten or forgiven?" He smiled unpleasantly. "Granted that I am not a sentimentalist, granted that I had neither time nor inclination to lie at your pretty feet and whisper love nonsense into your dainty ear, still I distinctly objected to losing you—even more that another man should take you from me. You said just now that you wanted to be avenged on your old lover—to make him suffer for having left you for another woman. Well! now is your chance. Our interests so far are identical. I also want to get even with him, and, with your help, I think it may be done. What do you say?"

"I am quite ready. He has treated me shamefully—forgotten all his promises, all I gave up for him—for the sake of a pretty, simpering creature he has not known a month. Is it likely that I should meekly endure such treatment? You ought to know me well enough to be sure that I am ready to do anything to make him feel something of the shame and misery he has caused me. Don't you think I must have fallen pretty low in my own esteem before I came back to you like this?"

"Let us be as impersonal as we can. The chief matter in hand at present is Tremayne's punishment; let us devote all our energies to accomplishing that. Afterwards we shall have plenty of time to settle our private debts. I know the man; I think I understand his character pretty well—perhaps even better than you do, because my eyes have not been blinded by love or hate. . . . I think—after a little while—he will want to come back to you."

She turned on him with flashing eyes.

"Hear me out," he interposed before she could speak. "If he does, that will be our chance. You are not the kind of woman a man forgets; his present entanglement is probably only an aberration—a temporary affair. Having been faithful to you for three years, at heart he will be faithful to you for ever. If, presently, he tires of his new love and begs for forgiveness, what will you do?"

"Need you ask? Of course, I shall take no notice of him or of anything he may say. Do you think so meanly of me as to imagine that—whatever the circumstances—I should have anything more to do with him?"

"But you must, else how can you get your revenge? You can be cold and distant, but you must let him think that he may be forgiven by-and-by—that you are more hurt than angry. I need not tell you what to do; you know well enough. If he comes back, he will be more your slave than ever he was, you can get him completely into your hands and do as you will."

"I suppose you have some scheme in your mind. What is it?"

"I will tell you when the time comes. I don't think we shall have very long to wait. You must not be impatient. Remember I have been patient for three years."

"You could not have cared much, or you would not have been quiet so long."

"Did you think that I should pose before the world as the avenging husband?" He laughed. "I have seen so often how time brings in his revenges; perhaps I knew that I was safe in his hands. When the moment comes for action, I don't think you will find me wanting. If things work out as I fancy they will, you and I will both be well satisfied before we have finished." His hand clenched unconsciously, a dull fire smouldering in his eyes.

"It will be worth while," he said slowly; "there will be no half-measures. I feel that I shall be able to forgive him afterwards."

* * * * *

Delmar had prophesied correctly. In less than three months Ralph Tremayne had bitterly repented his brief infidelity, and would have done anything to wipe out the memory of it. He wrote to Helen, saying he knew she must hate and despise him, but begging for just one word of kindness, if not of forgiveness. It was impossible she could forgive, the thing he had done was too monstrous; but because she had once cared—because he had never ceased to care, even though he had turned aside—would she not say one kind word in farewell? The first letter and the second remained unanswered, to the third Helen sent a brief reply, which was a model of what such a letter should be—cold, dignified, with a touch of proud sorrow.

She showed it to Delmar, who read it with a quiet smile.

"Will it do?" she said.

"Excellently. You are a very clever woman; but, of course, I always knew that."

Before six months had elapsed Helen had met Tremayne once or twice (as he naturally presumed, without Delmar's knowledge), and she had led him to believe that he was more than half forgiven. The past was done with, she would allow no reference to it, but the shadow of its tenderness enveloped them still. They felt its influence without speech. With a deft word or look Helen could effect all she wished. In a little while she knew that the man she had loved and lost was hers again to do with as she pleased. Then she sought out Delmar.

"What comes now?" she asked. "What is his punishment to be? He is in my hands."

In a few words he told her his scheme. Tremayne was to be made a bankrupt, in love and reputation and money; everything was to be taken from him. When he had lost his fortune in a wild-cat venture, when he stood on the brink of disaster, from which he could hardly escape with honour, when the last and worst hour had arrived, then she was to stand forth and tell him that he owed it all to her. This was her revenge for his desertion; now he might go. Crushed and broken and dishonoured, she had no more use for him. She would say all that, and Delmar would sit by and listen. Surely they could not want a more complete revenge?

"Yes, there is nothing lacking," she said. "The punishment will be as great as the crime."

"You are confident you can carry it through? There may be some difficulty. You must persuade him to buy shares in the Five Forks Gold Mine; he understands nothing of business, and the mine is quite

(*Continued on page 502*)

"I Wrote a Letter to My Love"

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

A RUSTIC STUDY OF MISS MARIE STUDHOLME

The heroine of a thousand-and-one picture postcards is now playing "My Mimosa Maid" on tour